

ANSWER TO THE SATYR

Upon the *French* KING.

13. Novemb. 1697.

WHY all this Rage, *Jack*? Whence this sad difaster?
What makes thee thus abuse thy Royal Master!
Why all this Passion for *Italian Molly*,
That thou could'st wish to *Firk* a Bumm with *Holly*?
Had'st thou no other way to shew thy Folly?

And is't not monstrous thus to shift thy Sails,

And Ridicule the vertuous *Prince of Wales*?

The feeble *Prop* of *Abdicated Right*;

The *Hope* of each expiring *Jacobite*.

But why the Devil, must the *Turks* and *Tartars*,

Lamented be as *Confessors*, and *Martyrs*?

Is it to let us understand your mind,

And know, to what *Religion* you're inclin'd?

If so, I'll Swear You are the fittest Man

To write a Comment on the *Alcoran*;

For if the *Fable* won't with Reason chime,

You'll make Amends, and Daub it o're in *Rhime*.

Lord! What strange Times must we expect to Come,

When each *Non-juror* turns a *Whipping Tom*?

Faith 'tis high time the *Whiggs* shou'd all be jogging:

If once the *Tory Poets* talk of *Flogging*;

Or send their brawny Buttocks to the *Tanners*,

Since *Oates's Pennance* can't Reform their Manners.

For sake thy *Muse*, *Jack*; take a *School*; 'tis better

To Flogg Boys *Arjes*, than pay Scores with Meeter.

As once you in a merry Frolick told one,

A young *Bum-fiddle's* better than an old one.

Then, stead of *Tythe-Piggs*, *Quarter Pay* comes in,

To furnish out your now dismantled *Chin*.

By help of this you may Restore your Nose,

Retrieve your *Pimples*, and Repair your Cloaths,

Know where to *Dine* when your Intestines croke,

And not be forc'd to Stuff your Gutts with Smoke;

Constrained no more, by Nodding and by Beckening,

To Intimate the *Bar* must Score the Reckoning;

Have always ready Coin your *Club* to pay:

And *Sheppard* will Rejoice to see the day,

When he no more shall count his Summs on *Tick*,

Nor you complain that *Publick Faith* is sick.

Then, take a *Friend's* Advice, and Change betimes

To *Penitential* Prose your *Mungrel* Rhimes.

WILLIAM and *LEWIS* mount a nobler Pitch,

Than your enfeebled *Malice* e're can reach.

The glorious Beams of their *concentring* Light,

Contracts your *Power*, and Disdains your *Spite*.

Your Haggard *Muse* has chose a Theme too high:

The Eagle's not a *Quarry* for the Fly.

ANSWER

SATYR

W